Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulworkes stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A bace foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing Swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the Earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victory.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What sayd *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in Armes.
King. He sayd the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.
Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.
King He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the Clocke there. *The Clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the Booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some body.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lower vpon our Army,
I would these dewy teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day, why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison my Horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foote.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the Foote and Horse,
They thus directed, we will follow